

VOL. XI.

February.

NO. 6.

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.



· EDITED · BY · CLASS ·
· OF · NINETY · TWO ·
· BOSTON :
· LATIN · SCHOOL ·



· A. O. PRATT · des. et. del. ·

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

The *LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER* is published monthly during the School year. Subscription for the year, 10 numbers, delivered at School, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents. Single copies, 7 cents.

Address,

“*LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER*,”

Latin School, Boston.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EDITOR'S DESK, ...	85	CLASS ORATION, ...	89
COLUMBO-WASHINGTONIAN ORATION, ...	86	CLASS PROPHECY, ...	90
CLASS SONG, ...	87	A TRIP OVER THE CHARLES, ...	93
NOTES, ...	87		

HEADQUARTERS

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS'

Apparatus of every description.
Developing and Printing at lowest rates.

BARKER & STARBIRD,

56 Bromfield St. - - BOSTON.

Free dark and reading rooms.
Special discounts B. L. S. students.

QUICK WORK. — FINE WORK. — LOW PRICES.

G. L. SVETT,

Watchmaker and Optical Expert,

1447 WASHINGTON ST.,
BOSTON, MASS.

How to be Pleasantly Surprised.

Keep a record of the Money that you save by
buying at your Drug Store Goods at

WOODWARD'S BLUE STORE,

40 Bromfield Street, Boston.

We sell Patent Medicines, Perfumes, Toilet
Articles, and all other Apothecary Store Goods at
reduced price.

SIDNEY SQUIRES & Co.

SQUIRES'

AUTOMATIC SOFA

—AND—

CABINET BEDS,

329-331 Tremont St.,

Near Pleasant St.,

BOSTON.

L. P. HOLLANDER & CO.

YOUNG MEN'S

Tailors and Outfitters.

CORRECT STYLES FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.

READY MADE CLOTHING, our own make, the most extensive assortment
that we have ever shown.

HIGH CLASS FURNISHING GOODS.

CHRISTY'S ENGLISH DERBIES, and the new shapes of the best
American hatters.

THE BEST GOODS AT REASONABLE PRICES.

BOYLSTON ST. AND PARK SQ., BOSTON.

F. A. MARSTON & Co.
DEALERS IN
COAL AND WOOD,
No. 8 Doane Street, Boston.

—WHARVES:—
11 and 13 Mt. Washington Avenue.

Eastern Agents for

AMERICAN CANNEL COAL.

Direct Importers of

ENGLISH CANNEL COAL.

TELEPHONE 1394.

H. CHAPLIN & SON,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

YOUNG MEN'S NOBBY FOOTWEAR.

Piccadillies, London Toe, and all the swell
Bluchers, and Patent Leathers, at \$3.50, \$4.00,
\$4.50, \$5.00 and \$6.00.

Full line of Edwin C. Burt & Co's and Louns-
bury & Soule's (N. Y.) Fine Shoes.

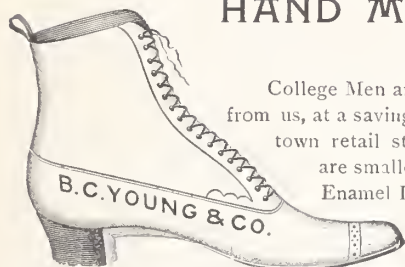
Our Ladies' and Gent's \$2.00, \$2.50, and \$3.00
Shoes cannot be equalled in the city.

1329 WASHINGTON ST.,

Right on Corner of Waltham Street.

B. C. YOUNG & CO.

440-444 Tremont Street.

**HAND MADE SHOES TO MEASURE,
ALSO READY-MADE.**

College Men and other Students should consult their money interest by obtaining their Shoes direct from us, at a saving of from \$2.00 to \$5.00 per pair, instead of giving their trade to the expensive down town retail stores. Your policy should be to buy direct of the manufacturer, whose expenses are smaller than those of retail stores. Stock in all styles, consisting of Patent Leathers, Enamel Leathers, French Calf, American Calf, Kangaroo, Cordovan. All of which we make up on pretty and nobby style lasts, at from \$2.50 to \$8.00. Cork Soles, also Water-proof Shoes, we pay special attention to.

The Boston Cornet Conservatory.

THE MOST COMPLETE AND ADVANCED CORNET SCHOOL.

Instructor, ... **PROF. JOHN HAMMOND.**

Special Classes for Cornet Trio and Quartet Practice. The same interest taken with Lady Pupils.

158 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

✍ Send for Circular.

B. Y. S. Christian Union, 18 Boylston St.

THE UNION GYMNASIUM,

The largest and most completely equipped in this city. On the street level and open to light and air on every side.

BOYS' CLASSES. Tuesdays, 4:30 P. M. Saturdays, 10:30 A. M.



CLASSES. — Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 4:30 P. M. Also, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, 7:45 P. M.

Mr. J. W. MONTGOMERY, Superintendent.
E. O. OTIS, M.D. (Harv.), Medical Director.

TERMS — Including the Union Membership (One Dollar), and entitling to all its privileges.

For One Year, entitling to use of Gymnasium after 7 P. M., and on holidays for such time as it may be open, \$5.00. For One Year, entitling to use of Gymnasium at all times when open, \$8.00. Key, to be refunded on return of same, 50 cents.

W B. CLARKE, Sec.
WM. H. BALDWIN, Pres.



*New
Three
Bar
Spring,
in Gold
& Steel.*

This spring combined with the Fox nose-clamps is considered by many oculists the best-fitting device for astigmatic eyeglasses yet introduced.

ANDREW J. LLOYD, Optician, Sole Agent,
323 Washington St., opp. Old South Church, Boston.
Branch, 284 Boylston St.

**PRIZE MEDALS,
Cups, Badges & Class Pins.**

JOHN HARRIOTT,
3 Winter Street, . . Boston.

F. S. FROST.
H. A. LAWRENCE. **H. C. GARDNER.**

FROST & ADAMS,
37 Cornhill, - - BOSTON, MASS.

Importers, Wholesale and Retail
Dealers in

ARTISTS' MATERIALS

Decorative Art Goods of all kinds.
Handbooks of Instructions in all Art Subjects.
Supplies for Oil, Water Color, China, Lustra
and Tapestry Painting.

Studies for all Branches of Art Work.
Mathematical Instruments, Drawing Paper and
T-Squares.

Architects' and Engineers' Supplies in
General.

JAMES H. BARKER,

[Graduate Philadelphia College of Pharmacy,]

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST,**1381 WASHINGTON ST.,**Cor. Union Park St. **BOSTON, MASS.**

Drafting Instruments,
Of all kinds.

DRAWING PAPER,
TRACING PAPER,
TRACING CLOTH,
Triangles, Curves, T-Squares.

Artists' Materials,
Of every description.

Oil Colors, Water Colors, Fine Brushes,
Sketch Blocks, Canvas, Easels, &c.

WADSWORTH, HOWLAND & Co.
82 & 84 Washington St. - - BOSTON.

SPECIAL TERMS TO STUDENTS.

Bookbinding in Every Style.

ALEXANDER MOORE,
Binder to Mass. Inst. Technology, Natural
History Society, &c., &c.

Call and See Samples and Prices.
("OLD CORNER"), 3 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON.

WILLIAMS BROS.**Merchant Tailors,**

No. 1458 Washington Street,
BOSTON.

LATIN SCHOOL BOYS

WILL FIND OUR

Crawford Shoe

FOR IT WILL, LOOK WILL, AND WEAR WILL.

Hand Sewed, \$4.00. French Welt, 3.00.

ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS, IN FOUR DIFFERENT SHAPED TOES.

SOLED ONLY AT OUR

CRAWFORD SHOE STORES:

108 WASHINGTON ST., (opposite), opp. Globe Theatre. 225 WASHINGTON ST.
UNION SQUARE SEATTLE HOTEL, cor. Kingston and Beach Sts.
15 GREEN ST., opp. Bowdoin Sq. 25, 22 and 24 PARK SQ., opp. Providence Depot.
182 BAYLTON ST. 50 MAIN ST., Charlestown Dist.

BOUVÉ, CRAWFORD & CO. CORP., Maker.



All we ask is a chance to show you what we can do for you in the line of

THE BEST BICYCLE.

Come and talk it over.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

Makers of VICTOR Bicycles.

Boston Branch, 182 COLUMBUS AVE.

CATALOGUES FREE.

Banjo and Guitar Lessons.



EDMUND CLARK,
2 Shawmut Ave.

TERMS REASONABLE.
COLUMBIAN METHOD FREE.
Thirty lessons (except one as a bonus).

BANJO AND GUITARS
AT BARGAINS.

Let us show you our Sheet
Music, New Books,
and more.

BLOCKS
AND
NOTE
BOOKS.

Large Stock Constantly on Hand at
LOWEST PRICES.

F. W. BARRY, BEALE & CO.

Manufacturers and Retailers of

Blank Books,
108 & 110 Washington St.,

COR. FINE ST. BOSTON.

CHARLES A. BARTLETT,

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST,

507 TREMONT STREET,

BOSTON.

ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING.

ONE HUNDRED

COLUMBIA BICYCLES

GIVEN AWAY.

Good Roads.

It is very desirable to promote a healthy interest on the above subject among the growing hope of the nation, and educate them to its importance.

To aid in this the Pope Mfg. Co., whose president, Col. Albert A. Pope, is well known for his earnest efforts in the direction of Highway Improvement, will give away

One Hundred Columbia Bicycles.

These are to be given to boys and young men in High and Preparatory Schools, Academies, and Colleges throughout the United States, for the best essays on the subject of "GOOD ROADS," in any of its various phases.

Every Student

is invited and urged to enter the contest.

Full particulars sent on application to the ROAD DEPARTMENT,

POPE MFG. CO.,

221 Columbus Ave., Boston.

MUSIC.

COLLEGE

SONGS

Over 20,000 sold. It contains 91 songs—all of the old favorites, as well as the new ones of this year:—"Drum Major of Schneider's Band," "Eton Boating Song," "Don't Forget Dar's a Wedding," "To-Night," "Old Man Moses," "Sunday School Scholar," "Piper Hendsick," "Dude who couldnt Dance," "Good by my Little Lady," "Brahm's Lullaby and Good night." Paper 50 cents.

UNIVERSITY

SONGS

Contains songs of the older colleges—Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Brown, Dartmouth, Williams, Bowdoin, Union and Rutgers. Cloth \$2.50.

CARMINA

COLLEGENSIA

A complete collection of the songs of American Colleges, with selections from the student songs of English and German universities, and popular songs adapted to college singing. Cloth \$3.00.

AMERICAN

COLLEGE

SONG BOOK

Thirty leading colleges were each invited to contribute four of their best songs, original as far as possible; the result is the superb collection here offered. The compilation comprises nearly two hundred and fifty songs. Cloth, \$2.00.

College Songs

For Guitar.

The choicest of college songs and ballads arranged in a brilliant manner for the Guitar. Cloth, \$1.50.

College Songs

For Banjo.

A new and splendid collection of over eighty choicest college songs, carefully arranged for voice, with banjo accompaniment. Paper \$1.00 Cloth \$1.50.

Students Songs

Moses King Collection. Paper 50 cents

Pianos of all grades rented or sold on instalments. For Banjos, Guitars and Mandolins write to John C. Haynes & Co., Boston.

OLIVER DITSON CO.,

453-463 Washington Street, - - - Boston.
C. H. Ditson & Co., 867 Broadway, N.Y.

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

VOL. XI.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1891.

NO. 6.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

H. W. PRESCOTT, *Editor-in-Chief.*

J. P. WARREN.

H. TWOMBLY.

H. F. KNIGHT.

G. C. HOLLISTER.

D. P. BUTLER, '93.

W. A. WOOD, *Business Manager.*

EDITOR'S DESK.

LEST we should seem too partial in our criticisms of the Washington's Birthday Celebration, we have concluded to print the following from an "esteemed contemporary."

"In direct contradiction of Mr. Ingersoll's recent remark that Washington is now nothing but a steel engraving, we notice the celebration of Washington's Birthday by the Class of '92 of the Boston Latin School. We were so fortunate as to have an invitation and, of course, we accepted it. On entering the building we were at once surrounded by a crowd of eager youths decked in purple and white ribbons, but these young men suddenly drew back and seemed to hesitate. until at length a quiet looking fellow stepped forward and ushered us up the stairway, two flights front, where we found ourselves in a spacious hall, or rather picture-gallery; we will say here that we found out from our usher that the apparent hesitancy of the young men at the doorway was due to the fact that we belonged to the male sex.

"The exercises opened with a piano solo by Mr. Capen, the senior master of the school; Paderewski himself could not have elicited such merited applause as Mr. Capen. Well chosen selections from Washington's Farewell Address were then read by James Hewins. We have grave doubts of the future of him who was the author of the Columbio-Washingtonian oration; he came very near being guilty of murder in the second degree, for the principal of the school and several of his fellow instructors, who, as we understood, were generally of a very sober temperament, were observed to be threatened with hysteria of the most fatal sort. We, too, have not yet

recovered from the side aches caused by excessive laughter. Our account of these exercises opens with the statement that Mr. Ingersoll's remark has been proved untrue by this celebration; still, it is but fair to say that, out of the eleven numbers on the programme, only three were devoted to Washington. The fourth number on the programme consisted of a college song, 'Romeo and Juliet,' which, wonderful to relate, was new. The best feature of this song was the ridiculous way in which Juliet showed that she was 'dead stuck' on Romeo. We have seldom heard a class oration that contained nobler sentiments than that of the orator of the day, and no public speaker could have excelled the author's diction. Yet we were informed that two other orations scarcely inferior to this were submitted to the judges. The oration was followed by music by a banjo quartette, the success of which was largely due to the endeavors of Mr. R. B. Metcalf, a former member of the class.

"After a short intermission the second part of the programme was opened by a finely delivered recitation of 'How the Old Horse Won the Bet.' An excellent class poem was read by W. J. O'Malley. The class song was highly complimented by many of the visitors present for the beauty of the music. The usual tediousness of class songs was avoided in this case by the introduction of new choruses after every two verses. The class prophecy, though, of course, not intelligible to strangers, seemed to delight the class. All heard of their future occupations with resignation, and we ourselves inaudibly expressed the wish that only happiness and good fortune are in store for '92."

AN early morning visitor to the gymnasium a few Saturdays ago would have thought that a revolution was in progress. About fifteen very scantily apparelled youths were tumbling over mattresses and yard sticks in one part of the room, while in the other the inspiring words "Ready! Set! Go!" started half a dozen more in a wild burst of speed. Amidst all

this sat our principal, quietly reading the morning newspaper. Still, the shades of our illustrious predecessors remained undisturbed in their graves.

THE failure of the athletic association formed several years ago was doubtless due to the apathy of the lower classes and, especially, of the subsequent graduating class. We are sure that the new athletic association need have no fears that this will be repeated, for our present second class promises well in athletics, better, we must confess, than '92. However, the chances are that we shall do as well as usual in the spring, while what will be accomplished in the summer out-door meeting is beyond all prophecy.

COLUMBIO-WASHINGTONIAN ORATION.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Inmates of the Asylum for the Prevention of Learning:—I come before you to-day to give you the only unpublished account of the life of the father of our country.

George Columbus Washington, surnamed Christopher, was born of poor but dishonest parents at Valley Forge near the city of Genoa, February 22nd, 1492. His early youth was devoted to geographies, charts, and cherry trees. At the age of twelve years he passed the examinations for admission to the Lisbon Latin School, which was situated in Westmoreland County, Virginia.

He very soon showed his ability by attempting to draw an isosceles triangle consisting of seven sides, all of which were unequal. For this act he was greatly praised and was given 98 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent by his geometry teacher. He excelled in all athletic exercises, especially in class rushes when Western visitors were present. He graduated in 1510, winning a medal offered by the governor of Virginia for the best English essay on the subject,—Is the earth round, or flat, or both?

He then went to Lisbon in order to get the king of Portugal to aid him in his conquest of the New World. The king at first refused, but soon relented and gave him three noble ships,

the "Mayflower," the "Constitution," and the "Santa Maria." He set sail with these from Liverpool in the month of August, 1515, and arrived at Boston two months later in time to drive General Howe from the city. He was at once placed in command of the Farmers' Alliance, and was defeated at the battle of Gin-whiskey (called Brandywine by some historians) by the British under Lord Burgoyne. He was not discouraged by this, but wrote to King Ferdinand asking for reinforcements.

The troops were slow in coming, and, after waiting six months near Trenton, he crossed the Rubicon. "The die is cast," said he, "let us go where the injustice of our enemies calls us." The crossing was made late in the evening, and the British troops were carousing and drinking at the Adams House. Nearly all the Britishers were captured or taken prisoners, and a select few were sent to Spain on the "Cephalonia" as mementoes of the first voyage to America. After waiting around for a few months, George Christopher was recalled to Lisbon by a cablegram from His Lowness the King of Portugal saying that Rose Standish was dead. However, since he was unable to marry Priscilla Mullines on account of the artfulness of John Alden, he set forth on his second voyage and landed near Chelsea, a small city in the vicinity of Boston—"So-near-and-yet-so-far" is the full name of Chelsea, I believe.)

He marched due inland across Chelsea bridge and laid the foundation of Bunker Hill monument. It was here he spoke those ever memorable words: "My brave associates, partners of my feelings and my fame! The foundation of Bunker Hill monument we have now laid. For four score and seven years our fathers have been trying to bring forth on this spot a new nation. Let us imitate their example, and, having reached the shores of a new world, let us go to Plymouth Rock to record there our sympathy with our fathers in their suffering in being obliged to wear the trousers made at this establishment. But yesterday, and the Plymouth Rock pants, price \$3.00 a pair, might have stood against the world; now, none so poor as to do them reverence. You speak like a boy, like a boy who thinks that the loss of a firm national character or the degradation of

a nation's honor is the inevitable prelude to her destruction.

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! I can not tell a lie; I did it with my little hatchet. But let us no longer indulge these gloomy anticipations, for curfew must not ring to-night. And let no man dare when I am dead to charge me with dishonor, for here we stand, members of the Boston Latin School Athletic Association, prepared to win honors at the next interscholastic meet. We will then put the shot that will be heard around the world. Can the B. L. S. under any such circumstances show the white feather? Forbid it, my countrymen, forbid it, Heaven!"

This address drew a prize of \$3, which was to be expended entirely in books, but he was allowed to add twenty five cents out of his own pocket.

After delivering this address he held a dress parade on Boston Common which was attended by Mayor Mudjekeewis and his friends from Deer Island. The troops then took the electric cars for New York, and, being joined on the way by some Irishmen who had fought at Bull Run under Bonaparte, they proceeded to Yorktown and shut up the British troops under Lord Chalmers. In a fortnight old "Chumley" surrendered in order that George Christopher might go to Europe for the summer.

When Georgie reached Lisbon he was immediately sent on his third voyage to America. It was at the end of this journey that he was proclaimed President of the United States and Canada—Blaine had declined—Feb. 22, 1592. After being President ten or five years, he retired and became an alderman, an office which proved to be more remunerative than the one he had held before.

Our great hero died in the city of Monaco, July 4th, 1776, of "La Grippe," at the advanced age of sixty-seven years. The quadringentesimal anniversary of his birth is to be celebrated next year at Chicago, a small town in northern Africa. Chicago was once celebrated for being one of the numerous birthplaces of Homer, but it is now important for its two P's—pigs and pedes.

Let us all extol the name of one who was "*primus in bello, primus in pace, primus in cordibus civium*!!!" HENRY SPARKS JOHNSON.

CLASS SONG.

As down the years, from hand to hand,
The lamp of knowledge has been passed,
By labor trimmed, by genius fanned,
To us the flame has come at last.

Chorus. Our Alma Mater's praise we sing,
To her our hearts are ever true,
Our laurels to her feet we'll bring,
Her loyal class of '92!

We've tasted deep of classic lore,
All Cæsar's battles we have won!
The laws of Physics we explore,
We even square the pendulum.

Chorus. Our Alma Mater's praise we sing, etc.

Three years we strove with "*parlez-vous*,"
La grosse grammaire chacun avale,
The way we put the accent through
Would move *un homme sentimental*.

Chorus. *Allons, ἔταῖροι, en avant!*
Πρὸς ἄλλο ἔργον tendimus.
Ἵπότες δὲ nous chanterons
De schola cara omnibus.

"*Hæc studia*" aluerunt nos,
In limine laudata sunt,
Sed follis juvat pueros
Et pila lusum abeunt.

Chorus, *Allons, ἔταῖροι, en avant!* etc.

ὦ Ἀχαιοὶ ἐν κρήνιδες
οἷς ἄλγ' ἐκ Διὸς ἔστι,
At sight translation, we confess,
Well grieved in spirit, too, were we!

Chorus. *Allons, ἔταῖροι, en avant!*

We always strive these tasks to do,
But our ambitious minds 'twould please
In all our studies to pursue
The pleasant ways of Socrates.

Chorus. We go with faces forward set,
And though our place be filled anew,
May Alma Mater ne'er forget
Her banner class of '92.

J. P. WARREN.

NOTES.

THE provisional list of Harvard Commencement parts contains the names of the following B. L. S. men: E. A. Reed,—dissertation; W. S. Bangs, S. P. R. Chadwick, N. B. Day, H. S. Potter, J. E. Stevens, J. E. Young,—disquisitions.

THE Debating Club has held two meetings thus far. At the last meeting the question of

In a recent debate on the merits of classics and mathematics was discussed. Knight and Freedman argued in favor of the latter; Adams and Johnson discussed the usefulness of classics, and were supported in their arguments by most of those present. But—the Debating Club is no more; and thereby hangs a tale.

Pupils (reading Ovid): "Mr. J—, what does it mean?"

Mr. J—: "Oh! it is a sort of contraction. Two eyes knocked into one."

THREE members of '92 have put on eyeglasses since the first of the year. We study hard, you see.

At a class meeting held February 11, the formation of a Latin School Athletic Association was discussed. Mr. Small made an eloquent speech, which, so Mr. Chadwick affirms, was loudly applauded. The following officers were chosen: President, J. D. Small; Vice-President, H. Twombly; Secretary, M. B. Evans; Treasurer, A. H. Gould.

THAT much abused meat, the sausage, is meeting with extremely harsh treatment. *Condensæ puppis* is declared to be its Latin equivalent, and, furthermore, one of our instructors asserts that the famous Bologna sausage, commonly known as the "Bolony," derives its name from Bellona, the goddess of war; the kinship of the two words consists in their destructiveness.

THE First Class is noted for its youthfulness. We have three members who have seen but sixteen summers. And one of these has not yet put away childish things, for the chicken-pox attacked him several weeks ago and for a time he hovered between life and death. He lives.

APROPÓS of the above, we are reminded that the sum total of our individual ages is so high that our instructor exclaimed to us: "Gentlemen, I am overcome with the fact that the accumulated wisdom of six hundred forty-four years, seven months, and three days sits before me to receive instruction."

The business manager was discovered the other day ruthlessly crossing out all the "ads" in the paper, and, on being asked the cause of his strange behaviour, he cried out in an agonizing tone of voice: "I am trying to find out how many there will be left when they are all gone."

THE following strange metathesis of letters and meaning has been discovered: $\epsilon\theta\delta\omega$, to do; $\theta\epsilon\zeta\omega$, to do; zero, not to do.

TOWER has decided to go to Amherst. Why? Smith College is not far away. Storrs is going there, too. Why? Don't know.

MR. GROCE has an exceedingly instructive article in *The Academy* on "The Emphasis in the Teaching of English."

THE First Class is studying "As you Like It" at present. About a dozen of them went to see Miss Marlowe on the evening of the 20th.

THE programmes on the 19th were unusually pretty. Purple and white were, of course, the prevailing colors. The two cuts from the cover of the REGISTER were very tastefully arranged.

AMONG the remarkable events connected with the celebration are two changes in nomenclature. Our modest "Drill Hall" has become "Armory Hall," and our modest major has changed his name to "Howard."

LATEST discovery made by the editors of the REGISTER: "We are seven."

THE remarkable revelations of our worthy prophet have had such an effect on certain members of the First Class that they also have begun to dream dreams and see visions. The communications which they have received from the world of spirits have corroborated the impression which they received at the time of the class prophecy, that the prophet failed to give an adequate account of his own future destinies.

The veil that conceals the dim recesses of time that is to be has now been lifted, and, in the vista beyond we see our esteemed major and quarter-back officiating, with a long and tapering waxed mustache, as dancing master

at a certain young ladies' seminary on the Hudson River.

We extend our sympathy to our friend Slatery over the loss of so valiant a limb of the "United Order of Ashmen," but we hope that he will appreciate the incompatibility of ashes and waxed floors and moustaches, and will submit to the decrees of fate.

SEVERAL strange things were enacted at the theatre on the evening of the 20th, when, as we have already said, a number of the First Class went to see Miss Marlowe in "As You Like It."

H. M. F.—discovered that the conjugate foci of the opera-glasses were Miss Marlowe and his own eyes—or heart. He may still be heard to mutter at odd moments,

"O Rosalind, heavenly Rosalind!"

"Cannæ deny that he Aufidus battle?"

"He Hanno sense to do such a thing."

MR. EATON, our substitute teacher in Mathematics, left on the first of February to become an instructor in the Institute of Technology. Mr. Rollins is to have charge of the subject the rest of the year. Mr. Pierce, who has taken charge of a division of the Sixth Class, is a graduate of Washington University, St. Louis. For the last five years he has been teaching in Illinois and Missouri.

W. W. WORMELLE, B. L. S., '90, took a second prize at the Old South Church on February 22d. The subject of his essay was,—The Introduction of Printing by Caxton and its Influence on English Literature.

CLASS ORATION.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—We are rejoiced to see this hall filled once more at the annual celebration of the Boston Latin School. To those who take a personal interest in the graduating class, to all the friends who have gathered with us, we say in the name of the School, in the name of the class of '92, welcome here to-day.

We extend our heartiest greeting especially to those whose love for the old Latin School has brought them back to celebrate with us

this returning festival; to sit again for an hour at the feet of their Alma Mater and freshen the memories which bind their hearts to her; to think on the lessons she taught them, the armor she girded around them, and the flaming sword of truth she put in their hands, as she sent them forth to the battle of life; to rejoice with us, her youngest and, as yet, untried children, in the precious heritage which the school, richest when giving most, imparts in turn to us, who are so soon to join them as *alumni* of the Boston Latin School.

We realize to-day how short is the time that we have now to spend as pupils in the school which we have all learned to love. We feel that we might have accomplished more than we have, and we are aware that if we ever recover the precious jewels of knowledge, which slipped so easily through the fingers that might have grasped them, it must be without the guidance of those who have so long and so patiently led us in the paths of learning.

From the preparatory school, where we have mastered one by one the little things, we are now to go out to the college or the university, where, we are told, we are to grasp the great things. Is there not a rapture, an exultation in the thought! We may well feel as Hannibal felt, when, after the weary march, the distracting obstacles, after the desperate contest with the barbarians and the more desperate struggle with the terrors of the wintry Alps, he stood at last upon the summit, and lo! Italy with her broad fields and teeming cities, Italy! which was to be the theatre of his conquests and of his future glory, lay outstretched before him! We may feel the thrill of the young Theseus, as he grapples with the great rock, with the determination to win his father's sword and sandals and go forth to do battle for the weak and the oppressed.

But we must remember that Hannibal in all his enthusiasm took care to leave no unsubdued enemy in his rear; we may be sure that Theseus fastened well the sandals and scoured the rust from the sword before he started on his chivalrous expedition. So, in all our ardor, in all our eagerness to rush into the press and try our strength among the multitude, let us never think lightly of the hours we have spent in preparation, let us remember the words of

The great sculptor, "colles make perfection, but perfection is no title."

Let us now turn from these considerations to those prompted by the anniversary upon which our celebration falls. This day is not one of local significance merely; it is a day which is remembered wherever the name of Liberty is dear to man, wherever the fame of her greatest son has been carried to cheer and to console humanity. The associations linked with other days are, perhaps, as dear to portions of the people of our country. But on this anniversary let us strike a grander chord, let us set the strains of harmony vibrating in the heart of every American!

We commemorate the birth of him to whom, more than any other, men look as the representative American; the mention of whose name awakens the loftiest sentiments in the breast of every patriot, of every freeman, throughout the world. What bounds of race or of territory can contain his fame? For a century the example of Washington has been the inspiration of the downtrodden of mankind and the confusion of the tyrant and the oppressor. For a century the memory of Washington has led the nations in their march to freedom; his steadfast devotion to the cause of liberty has been their solace in the dark hour of adversity; his unshaken self-possession, his complete surrender of personal interests, have given them wisdom and self-control in the critical moment of success.

On this day, then, let us forget that the flag under which Washington fought has ever been assailed by his own countrymen, that the Union which was ever, next to Independence, the object of his greatest solicitude has been torn by civil war.

Whatever be the differences of his countrymen on other subjects, their hearts beat to but one tune, their lips utter but one chorus of praise and benediction to the father of their country.

While we cannot look alike upon the men and the events which are still close to us, while, below, the battle-clouds obscure the view, and the report of the artillery rings deafening in our ears, let us, united as Americans, look upward. let us raise our eyes to the clear blue of heaven, and lo! above the dust

and smoke of conflict, above the roar of cannon and the crash of squadrons, majestic in the symmetry of his character, beneficent in the moral force of his example, exalted infinitely above the reach of calumny or detraction, and abstracted from all sectional and party considerations, his memory enshrined forever in the hearts of his reunited countrymen, rises Washington, the morning star of Western liberty, Washington, the father of his country.

J. P. WARREN.

CLASS PROPHECY.

CLASSMATES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: A man once bought a goose to try the experiment whether after two hundred years it would lay a golden egg. He wanted to see for himself. In like manner a prophet, so-called, tries to tell what fellows will be years after he has lost all track of them. You see it isn't easy, and he may turn out a goose for his pains after all. He is like the Hibernian, running great risks when he talked, who said he never opened his mouth without putting his foot in it. However, let us make the attempt, since this school is now ranked among military schools where one must obey orders. Our motto is:

"On Folly's lips eternal tattlings dwell,
Wisdom speaks little, but that little well."

We are fortunate in having an alphabetical list to order our sayings and prophecies, and we are also fortunate in having a *John Adams* to head the list. Now John, being a lad of musical tastes will not be a statesman like his namesake, the old Revolutionary John, but more likely an end man, that is, in the end, he will turn out a parson, unless he comes to the end of his rope in some less agreeable fashion.

"Two namesakes of late, in a different way
Such wit and such zeal did bestir 'em
That one was transported to Botany Bay,
The other became Bishop of Durham."

Andrew: Another great name, but we fear he never will be a great war governor of Massachusetts. He may be like the Scotchman, his ancestor, who used to walk every day around a park; one day, being tired, he walked only half way around, and back again, to shorten the distance. So Andrew means to surround

the globe, but if he gets half way around, he will do well. Like Samson he will beat the Philistines every time and, finally, bring down the house, unless they get the pull on him and cut his hair.

Bearse will never marry; if he did, his wife would want to do all the talking, and Clarence is himself such a tremendous declaimer that he will never yield this right even to the most advanced of fair women.

Bigelow will be court jester to the King of Sports, who has just advertised in the REGISTER for a man who is not such a fool as he seems to be. This King of Sports is greatly interested in laboratory work, and thus friend Bigelow, being an experienced hand at that sort of business, will lend him invaluable assistance.

Blakemore: The Society for Cruelty to Animals will look out for him; he is such a quiet man that they will be sure never to let the dumb creature come to want. He will always enjoy a joke even at his own expense, as the person did who married a wife with a bad temper to correct his own.

Brown: His record as an athlete is unique. He played on our foot-ball team in one glorious game, and, like the rest of us,

"He nothing common did or mean
Upon this memorable scene."

And this leads us to think that it will never be said of him that he was done up Brown.

Carney: Michael is sure to be heard. His epitaph will be:

"If genius fire thee, reader, stay!
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear.
If neither move thee, go away,
For Carney's eloquence lies buried here."

Dow: Nothing dowdy about him, no doubt! He will be a letter carrier, leave letters for Latin School boys from young ladies at the school-house, and thus bring joy to many a weary heart.

Evans or *Eevans*, as an instructor used to call him, is a promising young gentleman; if he chooses a profession he will profess a good deal, but if his brain should really have all the ideas he pretends to possess, it would be like the Irishman's small picture gallery, of which he said to his guests, "Faith, gentlemen, if ye all go in, it will not hold ye at all, at all."

Farrar: Waldo will shake all the trees he

finds which are full of sparrows, and hold out his apron to catch them when they fall, but he will never get any, unless he relinquishes the the editorship of the *Hustler*, that tri-monthly daily journal of dyspeptic contributors.

Farrell, Fiske, Freedman, and Greene are all stars of the first magnitude, and we dare prophesy nothing concerning them. We can only group them in a constellation, so that they will shine, even if they have to join a boot-black brigade in order to do so.

Gibson: We have grave fears of George's future, unless he gets up earlier in the morning. To help him in doing this, we would recommend that he follow the example of the German who bought himself an alarm clock, "For," said he, "all I have to do is to pull the string and I can wake myself."

Gould: Gould, we speak with unspeakable grief, will surely die of apoplexy, if he continues to eat at all hours in the way he does now. You wouldn't think from the quantity of food he consumes that he could be such a living skeleton as he is, would you? By the way, you may not know that he is the nephew of Jay Gould of New York, and is, therefore, worth his weight in Go(u)ld.

Hewins is destined to be a shining light at the bar, only we fear he will be surnamed Necessity, because, as you know, "Necessity knows no law."

Hollister, George Clay: We see our lieutenant-colonel in the future with a heavy, dark moustache, leading a forlorn hope (more forlorn because he leads it); a terror to the Indians, who fly at his approach, and a joy to the fair ones, who, on the contrary, approach as he flies. All this will come to him on account of that diminutive, hirsute, facial appendage, of which Milton wrote:

"The lovely mush that Georgie wears
Is his. Who could have thought it?
He swears 'tis his, and true he swears,
For I know where he bought it."

Hollister, John Chamberlain: Two paths of life lie open to John; one is to make a modest living by posing in a dime museum as the shortest man on earth; the other is to acquire fabulous wealth by becoming primo bassoon in Lily Clay's Colossal Gaiety Company. John, my boy, choose thou the latter! That voice of

Prescott may be "waste its swateness on the dew-droplet."

Johnson is going to be a lecturer, and electify large audiences by his Col. John Washingtonian orations. There will be one good thing about Johnson's lecturing, and that is, when he sees his audience in somnolent condition, in order to wake them up, he can strike sparks by twisting both his legs over his right ear—O! he has done it before—or by executing some other of marvellous manœuvres for which he is famous.

Kittmann, I foresee, will be president of the Society for Cruelty to Animals, for he is filled with indignation at those scoundrels who broke into a gentleman's stables and cut off all his horses' tails. The gentleman was at a loss as to what he should do with his horses, but was finally advised by a friend to sell them at wholesale. "Why so?" asked the horses' owner. "Because you will find it impossible to re-tail them," was the reply.

Knight: Thebes poured her heroes through a hundred gates, but only one knight will issue from these classic halls this year. We prophesy that, as a free lance on larger fields of strife, he will *Register* a success in journalism such as no knight of chivalry ever won with his spurs. To do this he will champion Woman's Rights. Then to him will be sung Holmes's song of victory, which reads, if we remember rightly,

"All the fair maidens about him shall cluster,
Pluck the white feathers from bonnet and fan,
Make him a plume like a turkey wing duster—
That is the crest for the sweet little man."

O'Malley: We think that O'Malley has a tendency to be a professional ball player, in which case he will doubtless become rich by batting the battle through the *Boston Herald's* hole in the fence, thus securing untold wealth.

Parker will be a grocer, and make a telling stroke in advertising, like the Dublin grocer who advertised for sale cider that was drunk by the late king when he was in Ireland.

Prescott may attempt to follow in the footsteps of his namesake, the illustrious historian, like Phæton who essayed to drive the horses of the Sun. He may rise so high that men may say of him, "O, what a fall, my countrymen!" You all remember the story of the Irishman who tried to fly from the ridge-pole of a barn with wings of his own construction. He came down flat on his back. To one who asked him how he liked it, he replied, "The flyin' was aisy enough, but bedad! it hurt me

when I lit." We hope, however, that Prescott will always light upon his feet.

Russell has such aristocratic blood in his veins that he will probably become an Italian count, and drive a cab or play an organ like most Italian nobles. But we should advise Thomas to become proficient in the Italian language, or he may have some difficulty, like Count Mahoney, who, when asked by the king if he understood Italian, answered, "Yes, please your majesty, if it was spoken in Irish."

Slattery will enter a noble profession, in fact, the best and most refined of all the professions. I refer to that of the ashman. But Slattery's lot will be a grievous one, for, whenever he emerges from the tortuous labyrinths and alleyways into which he has thrust himself, we shall see him clad in deep mourning, for he will be clothed in sackcloth and ashes.

Small: The only sure thing we can prophesy about James is that he will marry. His wife may plume herself by thinking she has married a great man, but she will find that he will, all the same, be Small to the end. And yet we trust he will never have occasion to quote Boileau's verse, which runs thus:

"Here lies my wife, and, Heaven knows,
Not less for mine than her repose."

Starr is going to make a duellist some day, if he keeps on shooting pellets at his present rate. But in time he will come to grief, and we shall see an account of his misfortune in the same newspaper that said, in describing a late duel, that one of the combatants was shot through the fleshy part of the shin bone.

Storrs: We deeply fear that Charles Ly-sander Storrs will become a blighted being, because he has no Hero to his name;

"Leander swam the Hellespont to get a chance to kiss
her,
Lysander never'll swim a pond, and so will have to
miss her."

Tower: Some people are said to be born the day after the fair, but, in the case of our jovial friend, it may be said that every day since he was born he has been after the fair, and will probably continue so till the end of the chapter. I hope the audience will bear with me, for I really must add that, in respect to the ladies, he is verily a Tower of strength.

Townsend, our rather lazy classmate, will be an eminent sawbones, to judge from the eagerness with which he pursues his present studies, but it is to be hoped that he will never be ill himself, for, in that case, he would surely follow the example of the famous doctor who, having recovered at the age of ninety from a dangerous illness, was encouraged by his friends to get up. "Alas," said he to them, "it is hardly worth while to dress myself again."

Twombly: "Is Saul also among the prophets? Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon. He should have tarried in Jericho till his beard was grown." He pretends to be a prophet; he should wait "till old experience do attain to something like prophetic strain."

Viaux is undoubtedly the mathematician of the class, and there is some ground for apprehension that he will bury himself deep in mathematical research like the English grenadier who, with his comrades, was plodding along a difficult road with the mud up to his waist. When ordered to form two deep, he growled, "Humph, I'm too deep already."

Warren has a great future before him, unless he dies in battling for fame. Then his fate will be a tragic one, reminding us of an incident, which we will proceed to relate. A guide, showing a countryman the monument on Bunker Hill, led him to the base and said, "Here's where Warren fell." The countryman, looking up to its dizzy top, exclaimed in breathless tones, "Didn't it hurt him?"

Williams will be an astronomer. He has already discovered the existence of a lesser moon, but we doubt if he will ever see great stars unless he happens to fall on the back of his head. But, at any rate, he will invent a telescope like the one whose possessor said it brought a certain church so near to his view that he could hear the whole congregation singing psalms.

Wood: Here let me point out the future general of America. He is at present only a captain, but is sure to follow in the footsteps of his doughty ancestor, an officer in the French army, who said to a high official, "If I am not a Marshal of France, I am of the wood of which they are made." To which the reply was, "Be assured, sir, that when the King makes Marshals of wood, you shall not be forgotten." There was another Wood belonging to this school, but he has left these classic shades. Which Wood it is that remains behind to bring up the rear of his classmates, at least, in the catalogue, we need not state, though we are not in the dilemma of the man who, meeting one of twins, asked him whether he was himself or his brother.

And now we have come to the end of our tether and congratulate the audience on having safely gotten out of the Woods, and we trust we have not been like the lawyer who asked Catullus if he had not made a moving speech; "Certainly," quoth Catullus, "for most of your audience walked out of court." Having thus given you something from "a bouquet of wit," we beg leave to say to our classmates, to this audience, and to George Washington, "So long."

HOWLAND TWOMBLY.

A TRIP OVER THE CHARLES.

(Continued.)

Thrusting my head out of the tent I saw two young fellows sitting on a log near by. I cried "hello," which salutation they returned, and came up to make our acquaintance. They entertained us more or less during the evening by playing on their brass instrument and telling stories, but I was so sleepy that I did not pay much attention to them, and was glad enough when they went off about ten o'clock.

The owner of the field had happened around during this interesting entertainment to find out what was going on, but on finding who we were said it was all right. From him we learned we could easily reach Watertown when the tide was full. We now rolled ourselves up again, but not to sleep, for the mosquitoes had taken us by storm, and it was several hours before we managed to get to sleep. We were up at sunrise, however, and were not nearly so stiff as we had expected to be. We went to a farmhouse near by and got some milk, made a fire, and soon were eating a good breakfast. After breakfast we packed our traps into the boat, for it was nearly high tide, and started on. In about half an hour we reached Watertown, and after some hunting managed to borrow a wheelbarrow in which to take our boat around the dam. We made two trips, one with our boat and one with our traps. It must have been a comical sight to see us wheeling through the town, through somebody's yard to the river again.

After rowing along for some time we tied up near a pleasant spot along the banks and took a good swim. It was almost noon, and after proceeding a little farther we stopped and ate our lunch, which we had put up at "Skeeter Holler," as we called our first camp ground. We then continued our way and came to another settlement, which we found on consulting our map to be Nonantum. There was a dam here which we had not known of before, and we had to get out and wade in order to move our boat up to it. On investigating we found a sloping stone wall which led up to the top of the dam. We unloaded the boat and carried it up this wall, which was about three feet broad, and so made it difficult for the boat to be carried.

We repacked and went on, but had hardly gone a mile from Nonantum when we came upon another dam, a mean little stone one about two feet high. There were a couple of men pulling up weeds in front of the dam; they kindly helped us lift the boat over, but then gently hinted that a half-dollar would feel

good in their pockets, which hint we entirely ignored and towed off. There was more trouble for us, however, for we were nearing Walltown, where we knew there was another dam. The river now became filled with tall reeds, leaving a clear space in the middle about fifty feet wide. The water soon became so shallow that we had to wade in again, and waded half way up to our knees in what we supposed was black mud. On reaching harder bottom what was our surprise to find our feet covered with soft tar. We sat down on the stony bank disgusted, and spent the rest of the afternoon trying to get the stuff off. It may be necessary to explain that the tar had probably been put in the river to get a foundation for the piles of a railroad bridge which was to cross the river at this point.

I had put my tennis shoes, which I wore when wading, under a stream of hot water which came from a factory close by, and when I looked for them again they were not there, having probably floated off down stream. Most of the tar came off, but we bore the

marks of it for many a day afterward. As there was no place around there to camp, we had to repeat our previous performances. We had had enough of this sort of work for one day, and felt a good deal like using a certain appropriate expletive.

It was nearly sunset, and we were very anxious to find a place to camp. Indeed, we were almost too anxious, for having found a pretty spot, we asked a boy who was fishing near by if there was any objection to our camping there for the night. He said he did not know that there was, only it was a graveyard. Such proved to be the case, and so, rowing on a little farther, we found a pretty wooded knoll where we pitched our tent. We ate supper and turned in. Our camp had one defect. A little way below us they were building some kind of water-works. There were two or three donkey engines there which kept going all night, and it was some time before we were lulled to sleep by the "ker-chunk-er-chug, ker-chunk-er-chug" of those engines. C. L. S.

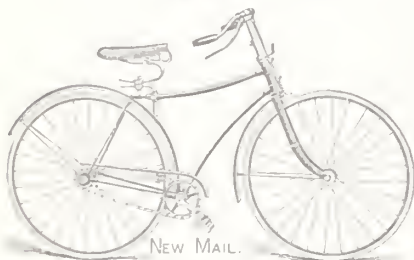
(To be continued.)

NEW MAIL. American Statesmen.

1892 PATTERN.

Cushion Tires. Tangent Spokes. A SERIES OF BIOGRAPHIES OF MEN CONSPICUOUS IN THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

\$100



NEW MAIL.

ALL DROP FORGINGS.

INTERCHANGEABLE PARTS.

A WHEEL CANNOT BE MADE BETTER.

IN GREAT DEMAND.

HANDSOMEST AND BEST SAFETY.

Also, with Pneumatic Tires, . . . \$120

" Lady's Pattern, ... \$100

" \$135 and \$150 Patterns.

A "NEW MAIL" BOYS' SAFETY,

With Cushion Tires and Ball Head.

OUT THIS YEAR AT \$60.00.

Handsomest Boys' Wheel Made.

Also other makes.

Boys' Wheels, ... \$25 and \$35

Manufacturers,

IWM. READ & SONS,

107 Washington Street, Boston.

Edited by JOHN T. MORSE, Jr.

- I. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. By John T. Morse, Jr.
 - II. ALEXANDER HAMILTON. By Henry Cabot Lodge.
 - III. JOHN C. CALHOUN. By Dr. H. von Holst.
 - IV. ANDREW JACKSON. By Prof. Wm. G. Sumner.
 - V. JOHN RANDOLPH. By Henry Adams.
 - VI. JAMES MONROE. By Pres. D. C. Gilman.
 - VII. THOMAS JEFFERSON. By John T. Morse, Jr.
 - VIII. DANIEL WEBSTER. By Henry Cabot Lodge.
 - IX. ALBERT GALLATIN. By John Austin Stevens.
 - X. JAMES MADISON. By Sydney Howard Gay.
 - XI. JOHN ADAMS. By John T. Morse, Jr.
 - XII. JOHN MARSHALL. By Allan B. Magruder.
 - XIII. SAMUEL ADAMS. By James K. Hosmer.
 - XIV. THOMAS H. BENTON. By Theodore Roosevelt.
 - XV. HENRY CLAY. By Carl Schurz (two volumes).
 - XVII. PATRICK HENRY. By Moses Coit Tyler.
 - XVIII. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS. By Theodore Roosevelt.
 - XIX. MARTIN VAN BUREN. By Edward M. Shepard.
 - XX. XXI. GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Henry Cabot Lodge.
(two volumes).
 - XXII. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. By John T. Morse, Jr.
 - XXIII. JOHN JAY. By George Pellew.
 - XXIV. LEWIS CASS. By A. C. McLaughlin.
- Each volume, 16mo, cloth, gilt top, \$1.25.

"Invaluable to the student of American history."—*New York Examiner*.

"The educational value of such books is not to be easily overestimated. To young men especially they will be a political library of the utmost value."—*Boston Traveller*.

* * * For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price by the publishers,

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON.

Full Dress

DRESS VESTS [new styles], ... \$3.00, \$5.00, and \$8.00
DRESS SHIRTS, ... \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$2.50
 [Specialty—Coat-Shirt, opening all the way down in front].
DRESS STUDS, ... \$1.00 and \$1.50
DRESS BUTTONS, ... \$1.50 and \$2.00
DRESS BOWS AND TIES, ... 25c., 35c., and 50c.
 [Imported Bows a Specialty].
DRESS GLOVES, ... \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.25
DRESS BRACES [Latest Black], ... \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.25
DRESS HANDKERCHIEFS [Black Silk], ... \$1.00 and \$1.50
DRESS COLLAR [Latest], "Copley Square."
DRESS CUFFS [Latest], "Adams House."

TWO GLOVE SPECIALTIES:

Russian **KASSAN** [high finish], ... \$1.50
 Perrin's **RED TAN**, very durable, ... \$2.00

RAY, Men's Outfitter, Cor. West & Washington Sts.,
 Cor. Boylston & Washington Sts., BOSTON.

WANTED: TEACHER OR STUDENT

As Permanent Office Assistant.

Either Gentleman or Lady. No preference, qualifications being equal. Salary \$750, and Railway fare paid to Office if engaged. Enclose reference and self-addressed stamped envelope to **HENRY JONES**, Secretary, Chicago, Ill.

W. S. FOLGER & CO.,
 Pharmacists,

JUSTIN WHITNEY.

725 Tremont St., BOSTON.

G. WALDON SMITH Class Photographer © ©
 © © B. L. S. '92 ©

WE shall occupy this space for the season and will give due notice about matters of interest to Members of the Class. Make your minds up to have your pictures early this year. You'll get better work, and more promptly, too.

—♦♦♦ STUDIO ♦♦♦—

145 TREMONT STREET,
 BOSTON.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING WITH THE IMPROVED **RUBBER STAMPS**

—♦♦♦ MANUFACTURED BY ♦♦♦—

BELKNAP & CO., No. 3 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON.

Go To

Cafe Odeon
241 Washington St.
Open All Night. Boston.

MR. AND MRS.
STOKELL'S

Private School for Dancing,
180 TREMONT STREET.

Day Class Saturdays from 2 until 6.
Evening Class for beginners formed once
a month. Private lessons.

C. A. W. CROSBY & SON,
Jewellers and Silversmiths
474 Washington Street,
BOSTON.

W. H. PIERCE, Ph.G.,
Pharmacist,

316 SHAWMUT AVENUE,
Corner Union PARK St., BOSTON, MASS.

M. A. HATCH,
Manufacturer of
Fine Confectionery,
Extra Fine Ice Cream,
Delicious Ice Cream Soda.
695 TREMONT ST., SOUTH END.

GET YOUR
TINTYPES
E. A. HOLTON'S,
8 SUMMER STREET.

FOREIGN & STAMPS.

Highest cash price paid for Old Col-
lections and Rare Stamps.

SODA TICKETS
—AT—
THE DIAMOND SPA,
286 Columbus Avenue.
Delicious Ice Cream, Fine Chocolates and Bon
Bons, Pure Fresh Candy, etc.
TRY US.

AMASA W. BAILEY,
Billiard Table Manufacturer.
Pigeon Hole, Parlor and Bagatelle Tables.
Importer and Dealer in Billiard Findings of every
description.
294 HARRISON AVENUE, . . BOSTON.

DRILL JACKETS, \$2.50.

JOHN R. FARRELL,
765 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
Headquarters for Collar Clasps, Chevrons, Cords, etc.

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS TO MEASURE ONLY.

MARTIN J. MCINTIRE,
Druggist and Pharmacist.

Physicians' Prescriptions a Specialty.
1161 WASHINGTON ST., COR. W. DEDHAM ST.
BOSTON

OFFICERS' AND PRIVATES' UNIFORMS
FOR THE
Boston School Regiment
To Order at the Lowest Prices. Also
Citizens' Business and Dress Suits,

BY THE
BAY STATE TAILORING CO.
32 Hawley Street, . . . Boston.

Cobb, Bates & Yerxa.

DO YOU KNOW

That we are the only dealers in
the city selling 60 varieties of
the finest hand-made Chocolates,
Bon-Bons, etc., etc., at

35 Cents Per Pound.

The number of people who think
they MUST PAY a fancy price in
order to get fine Confectionery
is becoming smaller each year.
There is no secret about it. Fine
Confectionery CAN BE sold at

35 Cents Per Pound.

WE SELL IT.

Cobb, Bates & Yerxa,

BOSTON, MASS.